

ARCHEMEDAS AND THE PRINCESS



RICHARD SHEKARI

Archemedas and the Princess
By Richard Shekari
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The Clown

The Clown walked into the room jumping and dancing; dressed in a woman's clothes, he threw his hands in the air like a Bollywood Indian dancer. Archemedas laughed so hard he went down the floor, but the Princess just sat there watching with a straight face.

"Oh come on, Princess," said Archemedas, "Don't tell me you don't find this funny!"

"How can I find this funny, Archemedas?" she said, "I've watched him dressed and danced like this in the past few years. This doesn't amuse me!"

The clown danced and pranced towards Archemedas, who was still rolling on the floor intoxicated with his own laughter. The Princess didn't even bother to smile.

"Please, Princess," said Archemedas as he wiped the tears from his joyful eyes, "Hand me your phone, let me snap the clown in this dress!"

As the Princess stretched her hand, the clown quickly danced his way out of the room.

Archemedas collected her phone and as he made his way out of the room to chase after the clown, he turned and looked at the young Princess. Amazed by how composed she appeared, he sighed and smiled.

"You look beautiful, Princess!" he said.

"I am not!" she responded.

"Yes, you are!" he said, "You're the most beautiful Princess in all the lands!"

"You and your blabbing mouth!" replied the Princess, "Go take the picture already, I'll need my phone back!"

Archemedas gently shut the door and walked back in smiling. He stood in the middle of the room, staring at the Princess.

"What have you to say now?" she said, with her eyes set away from him.

Archemedas clapped his hands and spread them like an angel while standing on his toes with his eyes closed like a ballerino. He stood frozen like a statue, motionless.

"Wow!" exclaimed the Princess as she clapped in excitement, "How did you do that?"

Archemedas opened one of his eyes and saw the Princess not only smiling but laughing. He lifted his right foot resting it on his left knee as he threw his hands toward his right, while standing on a toe.

"You are laughing, Princess!" he said.

"Yes, I am, Archemedas," she said, "Yes, I am! How did you do that?"

"Which means, you like it?" he asked.

"No, Archemedas," she replied, "I don't like it...I love it!"

The young Princess continued to laugh delightfully as she wiped the warm tear drop that made its way down her lovely cheek.

"The beautiful freckles on thy face are thy defining traits," he said, "None is like thee in all the kingdoms, my Princess!"

The young Princess sighed as she smiled.

"Okay, Archemedas!" she said, "Get off your fragile toe! I'll need you intact and in one piece!"

Archemedas smiled and heaved a sigh of relief, and as he opened his mouth to talk, he saw a crown gleaming upon her head, he got scared and became mute. Astounded by what he saw, he threw himself upon her feet in tears as fear gripped him.

"What is it, Archemedas?" said the Princess, standing to her feet, "Are you alright?"

Archemedas tried to open his mouth to talk but words could not come out of him. Only tears fell from his eyes.

“I asked you a question, Archemedas,” shouted the Princess, “What is the matter?”

Archemedas stood up and turned his face away from the young Princess, she watched him as he struggled to talk. All he could do was mumble and his words were unclear to her. He kept pointing his finger at the wall. The young Princess turned to look, there was a suit of armour on one side and the painting of a crown on the other. Those things have been there for as long as she could remember.

“I beseech thee, Archemedas!” she said, “Talk!”

“I saw a crown,” he said joyfully in tears as he trembled, “I saw a crown flash upon your head, my Princess!”

The room went silent as the two stared at each other. The young Princess took some steps back as she clenched her garment. She kept walking backwards until she sat on a chair by the wall.

“But that is impossible,” she said, “It cannot be!”

“It is what I saw,” he said as he fell to his knees, bowing before her, “You know that I have never lied to you! I’ll never lie to you ...my Queen!”

“It cannot be, because I’m not regarded as important as the others. There are two male heirs waiting in line for the throne...” she said in a soft warm tone, “And the Queen Mother is still alive!”

She turned and looked at Archemedas, who was trying to catch his breath, still bowed before her. The young Princess could tell he revered her more now than ever.

Appreciation:

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Richard Shekari.

About the Author:

Richard Shekari is a novelist, lyricist, singer, and a poet from Abuja, Nigeria. A Humanitarian with the National Emergency Management Agency, Nigeria. He is an alumnus of the Federal University of Technology (ATBU) Architecture department Bauchi State, Nigeria.

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